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Juliala poem.By Wesley Brooke (pseud.)



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J U L I A :

A P O E M.

BY

W E S L E Y B R O O K E

Author of "Eastford," &c.

B O S T O N :

T I C K N O R A N D F I E L D S .

M D C C C L V .

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PREFACE.

THE first twelve stanzas of this poem were written (some alterations excepted) several years since, without any definite purpose. The more recent origin of the remainder is sufficiently indicated by the course of the narrative.

One great duty of a poet, is, to exhibit social follies, vanities and vices, in their true light. His views may be partial, or otherwise. The reader will judge how far the author has been faithful to this object.

The style of verse employed, permits, as is obvious, much familiarity of expression and liberty of rhyme, inadmissible in a different species of composition; and the scholar will please remember the remark of Horace, upon the difficulty of employing poetical language for ordinary purposes, in a manner not offensive to good taste.

W. B.

BOSTON, MAY, 1855.

TO A FRIEND.

LADY ! whatever realms confess her power,
The poet's heart was always Beauty's throne :
Less grateful, drooping buds drink in the shower,
Less grateful, summer warmth the garden sown,
Than that dear service to his breast is known ;
Attendant Fame with bay his brow may wreath,
Consenting praise man's whispered accents breathe, —
His soul's devotion clings to her alone :
Her soul, responsive, answers to its tone,
If, winged with joy, his spirit rises glad,
If, touched to pain, his pensive lute grow sad, —
What grateful homage could his heart disown ?
Say, if one flower, than other flowers more sweet,
Bloomed here, would I not lay it at thy feet ?

J U L I A .

C A N T O I .

I.

HIGH MUSE ! one draught from thy ripe vintage
bowers !

When Julia Arden saw her eighteenth spring,
Fresh-wreathed with shining leaves and bright-
hued flowers,

Leap laughing up to kiss her lip, and fling
All his gay hopes and unprophetic hours

Down at her fairy feet, — I'm sure a thing
Lovelier than that fair girl was never seen,
Under the moonlight, on a summer green.

II.

She was a glorious creature ! My good sir,
Recall one moment that long-vanished dream
Of first, fond, happy love, and think of her,
Who was your morning day-star, and the
theme
Of your first stanza, when you could prefer
Truth, hope, and many a castle-building
scheme,
To the world's honors, wealth, and things as tangible,
Which made your early feelings prove so
changeable.

III.

You change but with the times—unless your mind
The whirling times have left quite out of
fashion ;
Oh, for the sage's lantern, now to find
An honest thought, perchance an honest passion !
And he,—that other,—in an age more blind,
Whose somewhat heathenish ratiocination
Made “wealth the wise man's god”—would
here, no doubt,
Find modern Christians wondrously devout.

IV.

Fired to the worship, mind so rapidly
Has marched, its friend, the heart, is quite
forgot ;
Never at modest virtue, trudging by,
A prouder glance Fraud, gaily mounted, shot !
I can't approve these things ; and so, when I
Shall find my story grow too cold or hot,
Being hard pressed for any sweeter matter,
I shall throw in a dash or so of satire.

V.

Perhaps you don't approve my plan, — or say,
“ How is your conduct better than your neighbor's ? ”
Sir, I'm ashamed of you ! Is this the way
You would reward my disinterested labors ?
I've seen some dragoon critics slash away,
Without knowing wherefore, with their blundering sabres, —
But I am no such silly, snarling creature,
And mean to show a deal more of good nature.

VI.

I love the world, with all its faults and folly,
Deplore its vices, so shall be satirical;
Besides, I find I'm growing melancholy,
Which always tends to make me very lyrical;
But I have made my mind up to be jolly,
Or else I shan't survive without a miracle;
For if in merry spring we grow too sober,
What will become of us before October?

VII.

I say, recall that bright and happy even,
Brilliant with Love's own starlight atmosphere,
When she who was the goddess of your heaven,
In her young beauty seemed than heaven more
dear, —
Alas! such feelings may not be forgiven,
Fate mocks them soon with agony and fear, —
But all who saw young Julia Arden sighed,
And thought of their first love, and then — they
cried.

VIII.

And sacred be the fountain of those tears,
Long sealed, to gush anew,—to soothe,—to
bless,—
Which not the wasting course of weary years,
Trouble nor toil, suffering nor deep distress,
Nor all that blights the mind, nor all that sears
The heart, nor all that wars with happiness,
Ever polluted,—would to heaven that I
Could sometimes find it easier to cry!

IX.

Her stature was commanding,—not too tall,—
But with the native grace of youth was blend-
ed
Something beyond her years majestic,
Which crowned her sweet, young brow, if
you offended,
And flashing fires into her eyes would call,
Than lightnings through a deep blue cloud
more splendid;
You'd as soon look in the sun's eye, as dare
Touch then one glossy curl of her bright hair.

X.

Her eyes were very beautiful and blue,
Large, mellow, dark, and full of liquid motion ;
I hardly know what to compare them to, —
'T was not the bright, blue cruelty of ocean,
Nor that o' th' upper depths ; in short, their hue
Such as becomes true love and pure devotion ;
But oh, false, faltering pen ! in my sharp need,
To have no simile ready's hard indeed.

XI.

I love blue eyes, but then have no objection
To black, or any other pretty color ;
I speak my mind, but under your correction ; —
Some prefer hazel, thinking they are fuller.
Of love's sweet witcheries — make your own
selection, —
The black are bright, the blue, though soft,
are duller, —
But, to my taste, those eyes are always dearest,
Wherein truth, love and honor shine the clearest.

XII.

And hers were clear as the untrampled sky,
Their beams were softer than the evening stars,
Her face, how radiant in its purity !

Her locks of wavy light — when morn unbars
His orient portal by the tossing sea,

And, showered with cheerful beams, his courier-cars

Stream over heaven's bright arch, — even so fair
Flowed round that young, fair brow her glittering hair.

XIII.

Such, being truly sensitive to beauty,

The impression this young creature made on
me ;

Her little, round, ripe mouth looked really fruity,

The red, full lips pouted so lusciously ;

Yet, not to let the tale lag is my duty,

And thus I only say — so sweet was she,

The fragrant summer air around her blew

Only the sweeter, as the girl went through.

XIV.

Her father was a merchant-prince of Boston,
Famed chiefly for a fortune made in tea,
Though many a wave his argosies had tost on,
Where breeze could waft them o'er the refluent
 sea ;
Even when his best barque was the Texel lost on,
And hull and tackle Neptune had in fee,
And solid men held such loss past endurance,
He made a handsome thing by the insurance.

XV.

He was a lucky dog : the North-west coast
For beads and trinkets gave him furs and
 salmon,
And where Sumatran suns the natives toast,
The price he paid for pepper was half gammon ;
His touch turned all to gold, might be his boast,
His maw was so insatiable for mammon ;
Nor gale, nor current cross his purpose hindered,
Who always kept an anchor out to windward.

XVI.

A hard, good, upright, steady, pious man !
Hard, as the nether millstone, to a debtor,
Good, wheresoever his acceptance ran,
Upright, of all his contracts to the letter ;
Steady, to life's accumulating plan,
Pious, at church — in fact, no person better
Paid debts, scorned beggars, showed himself
more fond
Of the strict nomination of the bond.

XVII.

Fortune knows well how to reward such pains,
And Arden seemed to have just what he
wanted ;
A handsome coach, — convenient when it
rains, —
A handsome mansion by the Common planted,
A growing aggregate of yearly gains,
His compeers distanced, — as he often vaunt-
ed, —
And one fair daughter by his evening hearth,
Sweet as its ruddy blaze — the flower of earth.

XVIII.

Thus prospered, envied, hated and caressed,
The latter by Miss Julia, when she needed
To come out rather more genteelly dressed,—
“One half the girls looked smarter far than
she did”—
For so the little minx her father pressed,
And with soft voice for shawls, gowns, bon-
nets, pleaded,—
I say, it would be strange, if her papa
Were not as happy as good fathers are.

XIX.

A person more respectable, not soon
You'll find, to stand on 'change, eat a good
dinner,
Or sleep at church, when, in the afternoon,
The sermon proved too much for him, the
sinner!
His purse-strings always jingled to some tune,
In every bargain he was sure the winner;
To doubt the claims of such respectability,
Towards the world's judgment scarcely shows
civility.

XX.

Perhaps you are a stranger to the city,
Famous, in ancient Puritanic days,
For solid men, maidens accounted pretty,
Sage matrons, cold east winds, and crooked
ways,
(I mean the streets) — for notions — more's the
pity,
That some have long gone out, which chal-
lenged praise, —
And a stiff-neckedness, which set it down,
With old King George, for a rebellious town.

XXI.

And subject still, in our more modish times,
To winds which make one shudder, — looser
notions,
Of future heat suggestive, — unknown crimes
Amongst their honest sires, — and for promo-
tions,
Where wit nor worth distinguish him who climbs ;
In short, for lecture-goings and devotions,
As little like the things their fathers knew,
As the false diamond blazes like the true.

XXII.

Some hold the men less solid now, a shade,
 (Their bank-accounts present a different tale)
And some (irreverent coxcombs be it said)
 Touching degenerate dames profanely rail;
And the sweet Puritan of yore, prim maid,
 Others allege (as if this could avail).
Want of home-training changes (highly-tighty!
What am I hinting?) into something flighty.

XXIII.

Much given (they say) to mimicries of fashion,
 And hollow, shallow, apishness of *ton*;
Eager for any thing which puts the lash on
 Day's weary hours; mad for night's *abandon*
To flimsy pleasures, poor without a passion,
 The streaming, flaring, glaring, gay *salon*,
Waltz and chaste polka, — each unique display,
When mothers are supposed to turn away.

XXIV.

Their grandames listened to a stirring sermon,
Nigh half a day, marked by the Old South
clock ;
Now, though it gently fall as dews of Hermon
On our politer ears, nor give a shock
To nerves fastidious, yet our seats we squirm on,
In thirty minutes ; but in crowds we flock
To nightly operas, and for three long hours,
Oh, what a whirl of smiles, tears, song and
flowers !

XXV.

I said that Mr. Arden's dwelling *by*
The Common stood, the street I did not men-
tion ;
To designate the strict locality,
Most courteous reader, was not my intention ;
Perhaps, throughout this story, I but fly
Along "the highest' heaven of invention,"
And what if Julia were but a sweet creature,
Just sketched from fancy, to show human nature !

XXVI.

The mansion of our friend I much frequented,
In the first flush of all its pristine glory ;
I knew him, when a modest house he rented,
Before, — but this anticipates my story ;
This tale, of some events to be lamented,
May prove, in due time, the depository, —
At present, sir, or madam, or good woman,
Permit a word's discourse about the Common.

XXVII.

I care not else what makes the civic boast,
But this is solid ground : with honest pride
I mark, on wintry days, thy stripling host
Down icy tracks their arrowy cutters guide ;
Or, eager on thy lakelet's rock-bound coast,
Trimming their mimic fleets at summer-tide,
And deem thy future men a manlier race,
For their free sports in nature's open face.

XXVIII.

Sweet are thy shadowy walks and covering green,
When suns of June flame through the fiery
street;
A saunter sweet, beneath thine elmy screen,
Down the swept pathway, and the alley neat;
The tripping maidens, sometimes to be seen,
The babies, in their osiered barrows, sweet,
And sweet the breeze, that cools thy verdant
breast,
From heaven's bright chambers in the sweet
south-west.

XXIX.

Sweet is it there, when morn's reviving blush
Thine every tree-top floods with streaming
gold,
While bright-eyed urchins snatch health's ruddy
flush,—
Flung the swift ball,—the driven circle rolled,—
And, fresh from sleep, toil's anxious children rush
Across thy paths, — meanwhile from curtained
fold,
Hard by, what melodies of morning pour,
Where Beacon, Park street, Tremont, Boylston
snore!

XXX.

And sweet at eve, when day's descending beams
Leave their broad track of glory in the skies,
Dearer, so colored oft in memory's dreams,
Than joy itself, joy's shadow as it flies, —
Sweet in those haunts, oh, passing sweet it seems,
To stroll, and, maybe, looking into eyes,
Soft as those softening shades that close the day,
As star-depths deep, that melt in light away.

XXXI.

Sweet is thine evening music, — cheap-bought
draught
Of pleasure, — hark! the mellow rapture
breathes!
And sweet thy fountain; when the azure shaft
First heavenward sprang, crowned with its
snow-white wreaths
Of sparkling foam, a new-born beauty laughed
In nature's radiant face, — and, as it seethes
The glittering spray, sweet are the rainbow hues
Which light with dyes of heaven, those falling
dews.

XXXII.

Here are the city's lungs, air, sunshine, shade,
Play-ground for hop-sotch, cricket, hockey,
ball, —
Here, civic warriors hold their high parade,
Or civic tents betoken festival;
Here, lovers whisper, seniors grave and staid
Discuss the news, or deep debates recall, —
Talk of your wealth, indeed! pshaw! sure as
frost on
December's beard, your Common, Sir, makes
Boston.

XXXIII.

To our tale. I said that Julia was eighteen, —
. In faith, a pretty age — life's crystal cup,
All brimming o'er with beaded hope, unseen
The lees beneath, which man, alas! must sup;
First bubbles, — oft a vapid draught between, —
And then, life's dregs, till he has drunk it up;
Unless, — in fact, my moral is intended
For lives perversely spent, and left unmended.

XXXIV.

To bring Miss Julia out it now was getting
High time, her father thought, her mother,
therefore ;
The lady always judged that thing befitting
Her lord proposed, nor asked the why or
wherefore ;
Her calls she made, attended to her netting,
She talked, but scarcely thought, or had much
care for
Reflection, more than have a great variety
Of the chief ornaments of good society.

XXXV.

The plan was started — she, of course, assented ;
“ What shall it be ? ” “ My dear, you know
the best,”
The lady said — “ A ball ? ” “ I’m quite con-
tented, —
Soufflè must furnish supper, — all attest,
His ice, — such ices never were invented !
And as for flowers, — Julia, my love, Miss
West
Must for your dress this very day prepare,” —
“ Lovely ! ” cried Julia, — “ what, what shall I
wear ? ”

XXXVI.

Other details, well settled by the trio,
I premit, nor time nor space affording,
How Julia practised steps with Madame Guyot,
Or else Papanti, may seem worth recording;
How, to some young Brazilians fresh from Rio,
Her cards were duly sent, of which the word-
ing
Cost her some pains, — and so, to all the rest
Of her five hundred friends, — I deem it best

XXXVII.

Humbly to leave to your imagination, —
Judging your interest in the grand effect
What ought to task my best powers of narration;
An honest pride impels me to respect
Your proper wishes for a just relation;
I might dilate, but really to neglect
The main, prime purpose of this moving poem,
Too much delayed already by the proem.

JULIA.

CANTO II.

I.

BRIEF, dark and dreary are the wintry days,
Except when sunshine glitters on the snow;
Then, nature's drooping face a smile betrays,
And lagging pulses own a kindlier glow;
To young expectant hearts the hour delays,—
Even Winter's fleeting daylight seems too
slow,—
Deem it not strange that Julia hurried down,
Long ere her mother had got on her gown.

II.

But now the lights are gleaming in the hall,
 Beneath, the feast is spread with various
 courses ;
Indeed, for so magnificent a ball,
 Dalton and Smith unite their sable forces ;
Up-stairs, already bounding footsteps fall
 In measured cadence, — outside, trampling
 horses
Dash up, coach rolls on coach with ceaseless din,
And lightly trips each gauze-clad fairy in.

III.

Without, the wintry breezes, sharp and keen,
 Lash the dulled panes, and whirl the driving
 snow ;
Within, enchantment revels o'er the scene,
 With dazzling blaze and festal warmth aglow ;
Little reck they who gather there, I ween,
 How down their stream the bubbling moments
 flow,
Successive catch one gleam, as on they glide,
And sink forever in the sparkling tide.

IV.

For Youth was there, unworn his pulses play,
 Clustered his locks, and spoke his eye delight,
And, by his side, upon her face a ray
 Caught from the skies, stood Beauty robed in
 white ;
He, if his youth be true, open as day,
 She, gentler far, like modest-suited night ;
Both flushed with joy ; and oh, the heart were
 sad
In their warm raptures not to grow more glad.

V.

Their seniors mingled in the festive scene,
 But scarcely merit special celebration ;
They had their frolics when their days were
 green,
 And boasted still of many an old flirtation ;
This, strictly, is a thing ourselves between,
 As not becoming their respected station ;
I but suggest, *sub rosa*, in my rhymes,
These elder worthies also had their times.

VI.

The apartment, — Gothic partly, — arches rising,
That is, toward the ceiling, duly curved and
moulded, —

Julia designed it, her papa advising, —

And, half-way down, dividing doors unfolded ;
The whole effect was really quite surprising,
Though, when her father paid the bill, he
scolded ;

Not reasonable, certainly, but then,

Even women are not always, — much more men.

VII.

Beneath the arches, drawn through circlets hung
Of living green, woven with shining leaves,
Were bright-hued flowers, festooned in order
strung, —

'Tis fairy work the gazer half-believes, —
With many a bud and bloom's soft odors flung
Her balmy breath the blush-bright rose in-
weaves, —

All, as a garden fragrant, when it flings
Its evening incense o'er day's parting wings.

VIII.

A pretty balcony, light, neat, and airy,
Gilded and carved, on pedestals erected,
Clung to the wall, — a toy quite temporary, —
By Julia for the gay event projected;
Above its rail peered certain faces hairy,
When paused the dance, — but, at a sign expected,
Rang the brisk violin, and sweetness, born
Of Echo's soul, rolled through the melting horn.

IX.

Peals the high harp, and wakening to the wire,
Immortal harmonies gush through the strain;
Now, rapt in joy, the floating notes expire,
Now melt in softer cadence on the brain,
Wind through the heart, and swell the soul's
desire,
That all reluctant earthward turns again,
And oh, could rapture waft, would soar away,
Where holier music fills diviner day.

X.

A truce to thought; let pleasure's giddy trance
Weave its gay spells,—one hour at least is
free—

One hour! alas, adown the mazy dance,

His languid eye half-shut, yawns pale Ennui,
And haggard Pain hard-by stands masqued,—
perchance,

With his cold hand clasps light Frivolity,—
Phantoms how oft they chase, and idly roam
For joys the vacant heart finds not at home.

XI.

And Julia led the festal measure on,

For well with scene and hour like this might
suit

Such face and form; beyond comparison,

Most lightly rose and fell her slippered foot,
Of all, and was by far the prettiest one,—

The slimmest, most insidious ankle to't,
That ever ambushed stole, with mute appealing,
To play the very mischief with our feelings.

XII.

Her sire glanced thoughtful o'er the brilliant
scene —

Half-mazed, half-pleased, — unwontedly so
gay;

The guests, who chiefly had invited been,

Were persons whom he met ten times a day,
Friends from 'Change Alley, — Hobson, Jobson,
Green,

No better people, without much to say, —
Their wives and daughters, somewhat brisker,
still,

'T was doubtful if the pleasure paid the bill.

XIII.

At our friend's house, you 'd not expect to see

Mind, culture, learning, mathematics, Greek,
The struggling genius, modest, but yet free,

Lips framed to move, and soul-lit eyes that
speak ;

Not his the generous hospitality,

To hold a helping hand out to the weak ;
In fact, the rising young men about town,
Instead of taking up, he set them down.

XIV.

I really think it was his chief abhorrence

For lettered persons, — them, he never trusted ;
Like him, thy chiefs of merchant-princes, Florence !

Had thy white walls with marble been encrusted ?

His only reading was his ledger, for hence

His only pleasure when 't was right adjusted,
Or news of morn and eve, one figured column,
Gay, when it rose, — if down, extremely solemn.

XV.

His Grace, who judged that Gibbon's thoughtful
muse

Was a slight trifler, bent to " scribble, scribble,"
These quite complacent and enlightened views
In common, doubtless, held with many a fribble ;

One mind pours thought, as streams their wealth
diffuse,

Another drips in a perpetual dribble ;
Mere tinsel this one deems the other's gold, —
But Gibbon's fame is fresh, his lordship's cold.

XVI.

And how could Arden know the false from true?

With him,—such people held a vague position ;

And 't is a fickle mistress whom they woo,—

Their bread,—but not so much,—with more attrition

Of brain, they win, like merchants, and pass through

A life oft coupled with much hard condition ;
And then, the wear and tear of nerve, which rising
Persons of genius suffer, is surprising !

XVII.

But in this way, your radicals are made ;

Their claims neglected by the aristocracy ;

Our fiery, young republicans will wade

Through easier channels, leading to democracy ;

All virtue lies not in successful trade ;

Unless (I coin the word) our *oligocracy*
Incline to show a proper liberal spirit,
Cavil will question its superior merit.

XVIII.

Thus, in the changes of this changeful world,
The thoughtless crowd will get the upper-hand ;
Mad talent leads ; 'twixt thumb and finger twirled
The potent ballot ; by that clangorous band
Wealth, wit and worth are to the gutter hurled ;
Meanwhile, who should be safeguards of the
land, —
Its higher thought, — free rulers of the free, —
What do they, Sir ? they dine and take their tea.

XIX.

Julia, I said, was dancing, and her father
Gazed on the festive scene with curious eye ;
In such a maze, difficult is it, rather,
Shifting and mingling, as the dance whirls by,
To tell one from another ; Cotton Mather
Those witching movements had called “dev-
iltry,”
And dealt, woe's me ! that bevy of young beau-
ty, —
A painful task ! but he'd have done his duty.

XX.

Her father looked, I say, with curious eye,—
I will come to the point,—upon his brow
What sudden cloud is lowering? why, oh, why
That angry flush his ash-hued cheeks avow?
The unwonted change his lady did espy,
Eftsoons approached, and “what’s the matter
now?”
Would have propounded, but so grim a look
Familiar question scarce might seem to brook.

XXI.

He pointed with his finger down the throng,
His daughter,—she—her jimpy waist half-
hidden
By an encircling arm, was whirled along,
In the voluptuous waltz,—“Have I not chid-
den
Julia for this?” he growled,—“My will is strong
To shake him! Strictly, have I not forbidden
Her dancing with young Penrose,—even talk-
ing,—
And, most of all, sly meetings, and street-walk-
ing?”

XXII.

Such tones attention must, perforce, attract;
Even his good lady had sufficient sense,
Or that which answers quite as deftly, tact,
To feel such conduct could but give offence,
Raise scandals, from her glory half detract;
Held with her lord even serious conference,
Now, could imply but blunder, haste, or waste,
Or something wrong, and was not in good taste.

XXIII.

A whisper calmed him; he his manners mended;
On rolled the dance, mirth ruled the merry hall;
The gorgeous banquet laid, the guests descended
That part to honor of the festival;
Deep healths were drunk; at length they homewards wended,
After the smallest hour, — a charming ball!
All gone, — a hint her mother gave, — and sped,
Three stairs at once, Miss Julia off to bed.

XXIV.

I leave to pens more graphic than my own,
 'To paint, with sombre shades of fitting phrase,
The hall's blank aspect, when the guests are
 flown,
Feast-leavings, shivered glass, the mocking
 blaze,
Poor shreds, the floor with wilted leaves be-
 strown,
Or flowers; the mournful light of other days
Suggests it all, — but then, in this connection,
I deem it best to waive all sad reflection.

XXV.

And Julia slept; close to her bosom prest,
 A half-crushed rose-bud in her clasping hand;
The folded linen, on her whiter breast,
 Rose with its gentle swell; within the land,
The shadowy dream-land, was her soul at rest,
 For there, 'neath sapphire skies, by golden sand,
Down crystal, sparkling waves she seemed to
 glide,
In a bright barque, her lover at her side.

XXVI.

And who was he, this bold, forbidden youth,
Who well might envy dreams like these, I
ween ?

Half-smuggled in, to tell the honest truth,
Was Penrose at that gay assembly seen ;
Of course invited, — but the card, in sooth,
By wheedlings from the master wrung had
been,

But, duly superscribed by Julia, sent,
(The seal a heart) announced the glad event.

XXVII.

Poor, poor, in all but sense and manly worth,
Far from the pampered city's worldly ways,
His early nurture ; tiller of the earth,
Like man's great sire, his sire had spent his
days, —
Gone to the just man's recompense, — and forth,
A widowed mother's sinking heart to raise,
And cheer her home with comfort, came the son,
Strength in his soul, his fortune all unwon.

XXVIII.

Her only child, — child of how many prayers! —

With breaking heart she yielded to the strife,
That troubled wave of struggles, hopes, fears;
cares,

Where bold men battle on the sea of life;
And the best swimmer from the conflict bears

Thoughts oft, which say, sharper than keenest
knife,

“ Better had all been lost ! ” — her boy his mother
Kissed, blessed, and hushed her heart, like many
another.

XXIX.

And Penrose longed to plunge into the tide,

Where midstream float all barques of gallant
trim ;

Yet, by the crowded current's treacherous side,

Eddied and baffled did his pinnace swim ;

Genius was his, and heart, soul, spirit, pride, —

Ah, lingering Fortune ! why so slow for him ?

Except that men of understanding blindly

She often treats, and fools as often kindly.

XXX.

In earlier days, where rose the village spire,
Type of earth's hope conversant with the skies,
Ere, in his father's heart, awakening fire
Love's kindred glow lit in his mother's eyes,
Fame told, that Julia's mother loved his sire,—
His rustic birth-place hers ; of love's replies,
Withheld, or given, it boots not now to say,
Unwed the pair, fate led a separate way.

XXXI.

And Arden came, his claims her friends allowed ;
His rumored fortunes won their generous aid ;
Urged, flattered, piqued, at length her hand she
vowed,—
The heart stood veiled,—betraying and be-
trayed ;
Mid follies, dismal years, and hollow crowd,
The first, pure flame flickered,—ah, silly
maid !
This for young Penrose still her heart-strings
moved,
She liked the lad, but oh, how Julia loved !

XXXII.

Now Night, chased ever by pursuing Morn,
Cowers breathless in the sky's embracing fold ;
Ah, bootless quest ! wedded, yet bride forlorn,
Doomed still to fly lover so frank and bold ;
Long, long, I mean, had the soft day-blush, born
On morning's cheek, deepened to ruddy gold,
On drifted snows its yellow radiance flung,
In diamond gleams to crystal ice-drops clung.

XXXIII.

Julia descended late ; her pulse's dance
Fluttered quite low, — her morning-robe bright
blue, —
Her honored sire — for that one morn, perchance,
She hoped to miss, — ah ! sternly, all in view
He sat, on morning paper fixed his glance ;
Stiffly and coldly breakfast dawdled through, —
He led, she followed, looking far from ruddy,
To (what he never studied in) his “ study.”

XXXIV.

He loved his daughter, much as he could love
Aught but himself, his coffers and his meals ;
Natures like these are but machines, which move
By courses, ruled with pullies, wires and wheels ;
Let but a screw displaced forsake its groove,
And all is lost ; thus disconcerted feels
Arden, the speech forgot he conned so surely,
Julia sat looking at him so demurely.

XXXV.

“ Julia,” he said, paused, — hemmed, — “ this,
this must end ;
Julia, I say ! ” “ Yes, Sir,” the damsel fal-
tered ;
“ Pray, Miss, when I am speaking, do attend, — ”
Poor thing ! her sad, fixed gaze had never
altered ;
“ You must dismiss, at once, this, — this, — your
friend, —
With me I never thought you would have
paltered,
You, — you, — whose handsome settlement I
long for,
Such a low fellow to have done so wrong for.”

XXXVI.

“Low, Sir!” she fired at this. — “No, not a word, —

You’ve treated shamefully young Harry Dumm, —

So rich! loves you, — and, every body’s heard,

Is sole heir to his wealthy aunt, Miss Humm, —
Doubtless, has in the will a place preferred,

Of that old rich curmudgeon, Dicky Plum, —
His mother’s single brother, — why, ’t is Pelion
Piled upon Ossa, he’ll be worth a million!”

XXXVII.

And must I state that Julia’s lovely eyes,

At such eulogium of her suitor’s graces, —
Can orbs so beautiful prove so unwise? —

One moment occupied their usual places?

His open grew at thought of such a prize,

Hers fell, — her heart’s too full emotion traces
Her drooping brow, — down the long, shadowing
lash

Hot, fast and free, the gathering tear-drops dash.

XXXVIII.

True was it, as that worthy citizen

Had urged, (when almost he broke up the ball),
Though of his house Penrose a guest had been,

And to one inmate had become her all,
He had forbidden, time and time again, —

Lest what had really happened should befall, —
Those ties, between the youth and his fair daughter,

Which to this pretty pass, it seemed, had
brought her.

XXXIX.

“Spare me,” she cried, — the girl had sense and
spirit,

Though where they came from I cannot divine, —

From such a stock unlikely to inherit, —

“In one point I obey ; my heart is mine,
With it my hand or goes or stays, — my merit
Is, that for duty Penrose I resign ;
My heart may break, — oh, would that I were
dead !

Your choice I cannot, cannot, will not wed !”

XL.

“ Julia, are you a fool ? Will you refuse
Fortune so offered, urged, and waiting on
you ? ”

“ My husband, Sir,” (a sob) “ for love I choose,”—
“ Love ! pshaw ! what girlish folly ! shame
upon you !

Yet, if you must indulge such flimsy views,
’T will come, when once your husband shall
have won you,
Your mother’s did ” — “ Such love ! ” poor Julia
sighed,
And then she only all the faster cried.

XLI.

Anew the sire began, — “ My heart is set,
Resolved, beyond recall, upon this marriage ;
Ere ’tis too late, bethink you what you’ll get, —
A handsome mansion, servants, jewels, car-
riage ;
As for this Penrose, any thing I’ll bet,
Instead of ready cash, he’s in arrearage,” —
Once more her temper, sweet as Hybla’s honey,
This touched, — “ No fool,” she cried, “ I wed
for money ! ”

XLII.

'T were painful to prolong such interview ;
Enough to say, as it began it ended ;
Old Arden made a terrible ado,
His daughter to her virgin bower ascended,
Weary and worn — her tears could scarce see
through, —
Oh, how he raved, — unless her ways she
mended,
Of bread and water, padlocks on her door,
He spoke, and, for a good man, how he swore !

XLIII.

Ah, Julia ! keep thy truth, though hope be gone,
And part, as shadows fade, each summer
friend ;
Through painful days and nights, oh, wearied
one,
A seraph armed shall then thy steps attend ;
Till thou, the tried and tempted, shalt put on
Immortal peace and joy that cannot end,
And truth, to faith transfigured, is forgiven
Its earthly taint and purer burn in heaven !

J U L I A .

C A N T O I I I .

I.

SOME worthy people, always in a bustle,
Of others entertain an odd idea,
Who shun law-making halls, nor love the tussle
Of jangling wits, where courts make law so
clear,
Fly place, where dollars chink and bank-notes
rustle,
Or checks for ready cash salute the ear, —
Poems they deem like puffs blown out of bel-
lows,
And poets, rather idle, worthless fellows.

II.

There is a difference in this respect ;
Old Gripe, of course, holds genius in contempt ;
Cokelet regards it for a sad defect
Of sense ; Problem, a wandering star, exempt
From reason's law ; sign of the true elect
Miss Sprout ; only last night, she tried to tempt
Your servant with her Album, — “ Now, upon it
Pray, my dear sir, do pen a — little sonnet ! ”

III.

Let poets have their meed ; their gentle notes
To the rough world, are like the breath of
Spring
To wintry discords ; from their tuneful throats
What their deep heart of hearts has wrought
they sing ;
Oft, fresh with sweets the living music floats, —
A tasked and breaking spirit gave it wing ;
Happy it is, while you were eating, drinking,
And sleeping, Sir, that poets have been thinking.

IV.

For, where they sing, rise temple, tower, and
dome,—

Love, honor, freedom, glory, faith, abide ;
Where harps are mute, primeval monsters roam,
Or crumbling fanes attest departed pride ;
The summer rose imbowers the poet's home, —
What wintry blasts the land that scorns him
chide !

To him, awakening Music lends her tone,
And Nature's heart rekindles to his own.

V.

The few, that down the dull, blank waste of
years,

Upon its record have inscribed a name,
Too often writ in life-blood and in tears,
The sons of sorrow, though the heirs of fame ;
Life's fiery trial withered their compeers,
They, gold refined, from out the furnace came ;
For bread, their Present only gave them stones,
Their Future, mausoleums for their bones.

VI.

Doubtless, their verse is often inspiration ;
A language, now, their souls alone have
 heard, —
And now, their voices breathe the revelation,
 Their hearts unconscious of the prophet-word ;
As wind-swept lutes awake to soft vibration,
 Nor know their strings what airy fingers stirred ;
So, by the blinded bard may be revealed
The hariolation to his spirit sealed.

VII.

Alas, he buys it dear, and pays in coin
 From the life's mint, for overwrought emotion ;
The Muse, his mistress, hard as fair, essoin
 Accepts not, for her worshipper's devotion ;
Fast, vigil, knightly service, all — enjoin
 Her courtship's laws severe ; and bitter potion,
Head-aches, and heart-aches are the very lightest
Rewards of poets when their fame shines bright-
 est.

VIII.

Once more, our tale : lo ! winter's heart is broke,
And Spring, the hoyden, leads her blustering
hours ;
Red Summer drives through heaven her panting
yoke,
And loitering Autumn plucks his fading flow-
ers ;
On brown, bare hills, now the bleak blasts in-
voke
A new December, fouled with icy showers ;
Time's waves, like ocean's, swell, and so depart,
What ebb, retiring, soothes the breaking heart ?

IX.

Alas, for Julia ! Ere the wintry snow
Melted, her cheek grew pallid, like its wreath ;
In her soft eyes, the sad, sad moonlight glow
Betrayed the troubled thoughts that lurked
beneath ;
As twin-born buds, upon one stalk that grow,
And, close together, one sweet fragrance
breathe,
Fade, if rude hand, or blight, assail their bower,
Her loving lips paled, like the paling flower.

X.

And grave she grew, that gay, light-hearted thing,
More solemn far than maidenhood beseems ;
Her soul slept silent to the voice of Spring ;
June's blushing morn, nor star of eve, nor
beams
Of summer moon, their wonted gladness bring ;
Her fancy broods among disjointed dreams,
And smiling Hope, that mocked her slumber, flies
At morning, washed with tears from her young
eyes.

XI.

A shadow lay upon her path, — a shroud,
A veil hung palpable, — a stifling fold ;
She wept not now ; but, rising, like a cloud,
Tears swelled, and backwards on their chan-
nels rolled ;
Within her soul's deep chambers, Grief stood
bowed ;
Without, the world looked dreary, blank, and
cold ;
Round her that vague, resistless, sickening spell,
The heart's dread sinking, when hope bids fare-
well.

XII.

The girl had sense enough — (a glorious gift,
Bearing in life's affairs a humble part) —
A compound (pray, Sir, apprehend my drift)
Of purpose true, clear mind, and simple heart;
Often its owners have to make a shift
To live, for lack or scorn of worldly art;
For holds, time out of mind, the current-rule,
That knaves get place, and fortunes gild the fool.

XIII.

Thus it occurs, our friends frequent the shade,
Subject to various fortunes and mischances,
The piper pay, where other persons played,
And scrape the bow at shrewder people's
dances;
Yet certain treasures they aside have laid,
Sometimes, — which brighter grow, as time
advances;
And many widows' sighs and orphans' tears
Hallow with sacred grief their honest biers.

XIV.

In natures such as these, often the deepest,
Love's tender bud flowers to maturest fruit ;
O'er the thin soil, where barren crags are steepest,
Runs the light tendril, and the wild weeds
shoot ;
Set in thy breast, oh, lowly vale ! thou keepest
The forest anchored by its oaken root ;
Their love, I mean, — perhaps, more prejudicial,
Is apt to prove not near so superficial.

XV.

And Julia had a wondrous education,
To all our learned age instils she grew ;
Her nurture, quite becoming to her station, —
I really cannot tell you half she knew ;
The thought, in fact, of what her youth's proba-
tion
Was doomed to wade in fairly makes me blue ;
Enough, — the list I spare you, gentle dames, —
Science austere is in its very names.

XVI.

But stuffed, and crammed, and jammed with
learning's store,

Was her young mind from ignorance pro-
tected;

Knowledge, of course, is virtue; and the lore

Young ladies gather not to be neglected;

Shame, shame on cavillers! I, at least, implore,

Of doubts unhandsome not to be suspected,

If daughters, wives, and mothers are not turning
Far better, wiser, purer, for their learning.

XVII.

But then the heart, dear madam!—life's deep
spring, —

Fount of true knowledge, — source of wrong
and right, —

This swelling, beating, throbbing, restless thing

Within, which makes us, or unmakes us quite;

The pulse, that thrills through every wildered
string,

Whose music claims the cunning master's
sleight, —

Let that run wild, — and, as the blind the blind,

The stumbling heart leads on the stumbling mind.

XVIII.

It happens thus, that many a sweet young lady
Knows much of little, which she should have
known ;
Her science hardly serves to keep her steady,
Her little head unturned, her mind in tone ;
For every outside, false allurement ready,
Home's sacred, fire-side joy a name alone ;
And though life's day she flirts and flutters
through,
With all her knowledge, scarce knows what to
do.

XIX.

Let me not intimate, that one so young,
So fair, was thus, — only her courage failed her ;
Even in her father's thoughts slow doubt up-
sprung,
Ere summer came ; he owned that " something
ailed her ;"
Not that his conscience, if he had one, stung,
He did but judge, some ailment had assailed
her ;
The doctor called, — but skillless to unravel
Symptoms like Julia's, recommended travel.

XX.

And first, they sought thy rocky promontory,
Nahant! that Arden might run up to town;
Famous, in Indian legendary story,
The dark, old, solemn headland's cliffs, whose
frown
Glooms o'er the wave;— on what a scene of
glory,
Spread out beneath, those iron crags look
down!
Glorious, of old, — even now it is so, — only,
What they call fashion makes it rather lonely.

XXI.

But, stern in primal grandeur, when it threw
Its broad, bare shoulder to the mad wave's
lash, —
And the red savage, poised in light canoe,
Lit the sea-sparkles, to his paddle's flash, —
Or, but wild sea-bird whistled as he flew,
To the wild sea-wind and the billowy dash, —
Good were it there, mid wrecks primeval strown,
To look on Nature's sacred face alone!

XXII.

And, from those wave-washed cliffs, away,—
away,—

Gazed Julia ever on the dark blue sea ;
A sad, mute gaze ; even the silvery spray
Leaped to her foot, unmarked its frolic glee ;
Far-off slept Ocean ; white sails, day by day,
Before her vision flitted dreamily ;
Azure, through golden haze, the atmosphere, —
But her heart only said, “ He is not here ! ”

XXIII.

They passed to Newport ; 'tis a shore less
grand,—

The beach superb,— the seaward prospect
pleasant ;
No sweeter isle have softer breezes fanned,
Nor antique charms could seem more juven-
escent ;
Slight interest Julia took in all they planned,
Really, she did not value it a bezant, —
(Byzantium owned the coin) — 'tis hard to find,
Always, the word exactly to your mind.

XXIV.

They say, that Mr. Canning won a wager,
 By finding out a rhyme to "Juliana"; —
 (No doubt, a statesman, some accounted sager)
 The rhyme was ~~false, — 't was~~ "ipecachuana,"
 — *manna*

Were sweeter, — truer; strange so old a stager
 Had not been nicer; our word, *Lackawana*
 Was hardly known, or else, odds flames and
 Cupid!
 Not to have thought of that were really stupid.

XXV.

Newport! gay round of bathing, riding, driving;
 Of eating, drinking, sleeping, lounging, smok-
 ing,
 Of dancing, flirting, sauntering, contriving
 For wives and husbands (scarce a theme for
 joking);
 Of idling, rambling, gambling days; of stiving
 In cells by night, which justify your croaking;
 Of beaux and belles, some moral, some im-
 moral, —
 To her 't was just the same, — they were a bore
 all.

XXVI.

They dragged her through the round, — that is,
through all

Becoming her ; indeed, to please her father,
She even danced one set out, at the ball ;

But, at the movement, old thoughts seemed to
gather, —

She heard the music of another hall, —

Her gallant partner deemed her wandering
rather ;

Her lips framed words, if question met her ear, —
But her heart only said, “ He is not here ! ”

XXVII.

And where was he ? it is, methinks, high time

His fortunes graced my verse, of truth the
fount ;

And reader fair of this impartial rhyme

Will hold me here, I ween, to strict account ;
Julia was gone ; he went ; the morning's prime
Saw him depart, — the evening shades dis-
mount,

Alas, alone ! But, ah ! not all alone, —

For one fond bosom clasped her child, — her
own !

XXVIII.

To the worn spirit, — when the heart is sick,
And fortune frowns, and friends are few and
cold;
When the soul loathes the cheat, the sham, the
trick
Of crowded ways, where all is bought and sold;
Where life's false game galls honor to the quick,
And love, led chained, is marketed for gold, —
Fretted and tossed on life's tumultuous foam,
What welcome haven smiles like childhood's
home!

XXIX.

And in that dearest spot of all the earth,
To every bosom with a heart beneath it,
Once more stood Penrose, by his father's hearth, —
Or door, — since Summer swelled the gale, to
breathe it;
Hill, valley, stream! how dear his place of birth!
That low-eaved home, — those trellised flow-
ers that wreathe it!
What fragrant sighs the breath of evening bore!
And evening's glories, — were they thus of yore?

XXX.

These were his first impressions ; pray remember

This was his boyish home, and here his mother ;
Neither had seen him, since the last November ;

Certain emotions he thought best to smother,—
Although I dare aver, if every member

Were racked, — yes, chopped off, after one
another,

Or mortal pain had racked his every nerve,
From Julia all had failed to make him swerve.

XXXI.

In the dark city pent, its tinsel blaze

And cold frivolities had made him tire ;
The squandered heart, the weary nights and days,
Had somewhat tamed his youth's impetuous
fire ;

Now, the sweet breath of Nature's open ways,
The airy warblings of the wildwood choir,
Brook, field, flower, breeze-swept hill and whis-
pering grove

Refreshed his heart, but deepened all its love.

XXXII.

And here, the glorious, live-long summer through,
He roamed at leisure where his fancy led,
Pensive, and often, as young men will do,
Carving the name, whose thought that fancy
fed;
But early taught, to nature's teachings true,
His soul sustained him, though his bosom bled;
He was a man, and struggled for relief,
As men should do, nor cowered to hopeless grief.

XXXIII.

Yet, with his every thought was Julia twined, —
Let but a purpose start up, and love crossed it;
At times, not *in* his mind, she *was* his mind, —
His heart, — such deep delirious passion
tossed it;
To lose the world for her he felt inclined, —
Reflected he must win, before he lost it;
Then stout resolve and spirit much more constant,
Against his madder flights became remonstrant.

XXXIV.

Verses he wrote, composed with ingenuity,
To prove how little love a lover teases ;
His flame, no doubt, would last to perpetuity,
His heart must beat for Julia till it ceases ;
Each atom of his passion's superfluity
Was hers, — yet, let Love play his worst
caprices !
I give the song, to show how much may vary
A lover's axiom and his corollary.

1.

I do not love thee, — for it were but sin,
Where youth and beauty claim such brighter ties,
And passion's whisper, as it stirs within,
Breaks voiceless on my heart, and silent dies.

2.

I do not love thee, — though so very dear,
That where thou art I live, and live alone, —
That nothing absent seems, when thou art near,
And nothing present, if thou art but gone.

3.

I do not love thee, — and these sighs but tell
In better moments how I might have loved,
If, to the flood of their exulting swell
All my deep soul's affections could be moved.

4.

I do not love thee, — like a vision sweet,
Dwells thy young beauty, sacred and above ;
Yet, as I met and knew thee, so to meet
It seems impossible, and not to love.

5.

I do not love thee, — blinding tears, indeed,
Absent from thee, unbidden fill mine eyes ;
And, by thy side, how winged with rapturous speed,
One deep delighted dream each moment flies !

6.

I do not love thee, — 't were so vain a thing
To mingle hearts, where fate divides the hands, —
And, at my being's source, with folded wing,
Hope, but a pale and lifeless statue stands.

7.

And thus I do not love thee, — but my mind
Keeps thy sweet image lovely and apart ;
And my soul's thought of thee, in secret shrined,
Lives on my life, and oh, consumes my heart !

XXXV.

Thus slipped the pleasant summer-time away,
And the green-vestured fields put on their
brown ;
So, Law (his other mistress, did I say ?)
Bids pastured squires, at length, resume the
gown ;
Few cases graced his docket, bound to pay,
Yet none, unwatched, — so Penrose came to
town ;
His mother blessed the lad, — but who can tell
What anguish thrills a mother's fond farewell ?

XXXVI.

Oddly enough, the very train which bore
Young Penrose, on its way took up the
Ardens ;
(This bright one drew the Fates from out the store
Of mingled yarns, of which they stand the
wardens)
One startled look he got ; one smile, — no more,
So sad, — so sweet, — a world of love, trust,
pardons,
To yield or claim, — and oh, when thus it gleams,
Ten thousand heart-aches vanish in its beams.

XXXVII.

Their party hailed that cheerful blaze, so pleasant,
When autumn evenings hint the coming cold ;
He sought his den (he called it), where at present,
Much like a captive pent in prison-hold,
We 'll leave him pacing, — far from acquiescent
In the dull fate which round him wrapped its
fold ;
He had *the smile*, — but ah ! his lot, poor fellow !
Like the Fall leaf, seemed rather sere and yellow.

XXXVIII.

And thou, oh Muse, who knowest all things
human,
Tell us if Julia home returned the same ;
For scandal says, (confound her !) 't is too com-
mon
That maiden-love, if checked, becomes quite
tame,
Till what she loves not wins the baffled woman ;
Yet hearts there are which keep one vestal
flame ;
Hers did ; yet, lest her bright thoughts should
grow muddy,
She somewhat roused herself, and took to study

XXXIX.

By study, I mean study ; — not romance,
But things demanding *pensieri stretti* ;
Her teacher, of the pleasant land of France, —
Cherie, by name, quite debonair and pretty,
With black eyes, shooting through one like a
lance,
Complexion olive, locks profuse and jetty ;
And her glib speech rolled off, with air so jaunty,
Some fewer tongues than Cardinal Mezzofanti.

XL.

Her own, — that is, — Italian, Spanish, German,
Queer English, and some smatterings Oriental,
Enough in woman, surely, to deter man, —
And, above all, her turn was transcendental ;
But, as I live, I'd sooner trust a merman,
Or merman's mistress, much were detrimental,
Than the quick, searching glance, so close and
sly,
Which peeped out of the corner of her eye.

XLI.

Yet, she was smooth as oil, and so respectable!

A treasure, all her pupils' mothers thought;
The girls themselves conceived it quite delectable,
By such a charming teacher to be taught;
And then, such manners! could she be suspect-
able?

From Sand and Sue her morals had been
caught;
Outwards, it was not easy to discover
A flaw, but inside there was nothing of her.

XLII.

She pierced through Julia, as your nimblest
needle,

Fair lady, pierces your most open lace;
One instant showed her something had agreed ill,
To fling such shadows o'er so sweet a face;
Before one week's end, she contrived to wheedle
From Julia the main features of her case;
Heavens! how she gasped, — held in, — how
smiled she then!

“Julia love Penrose! did he love again?”

XLIII.

A simple matter, — she loved Penrose too,
With that wild passion untamed spirits feel;
Mad, selfish, blind, — one cold resolve in view,
Indifferent to its objects' woe or weal;
Not the heart's generous homage, high and true,
Proud, hard to win, nor ready to reveal, —
No, hers was love of quite another fashion,
In short, a boiling, roiling, Gallic passion.

XLIV.

Such incident results from the demands
Of all, to which our social system tends;
Young men, I say, with leisure on their hands,
Know persons they would scarce select for
friends;
Thus Cherie had met Penrose, — felt the bands
Tighten, whose dark web with my story blends;
Nothing to him were she, even were his own
His heart, so deeply pledged, — to her 't was stone.

XLV.

Much Cherie mused and pondered this affair, —

“ Could anything have turned up more un-
chancy ?

Clear was it Penrose would escape her snare,

Unless she managed Julia's fatal fancy ;

Philtres were out of date — drugs ! could she
dare ? ”

“ No, try,” some tempter whispered, “ necro-
mancy ! ”

“ Try it she would ! ” I call it by its name,

She, “ spirit-movements,” but 't is all the same.

XLVI.

“ What, sorcery ! In this age of blazing light,

No charms prevail, nor sheeted vision greets ;

Rekindling thought dispels the shades of night,

And drives these bugbears to their dark
retreats ! ”

Ah, in the self-deceiving mind's despite,

Still fiends mislead, as weak delusion cheats ;

Satan his mauners to the times may mould,

But is the same deceiver as of old.

XLVII.

“ Shocking ! A crime ! Why, here even priestly
breasts

Respond to fashion’s philosophic rage ! ”

The worse for them ! Believe it, heaven’s behests

Forbid such scandal of a heathenish age ;

No heaven’s commission clothes such spirit-
guests,

No golden harps their sordid powers engage ;

But fatal, — true or false, — to all within,

Spirits or not, — to tamper is to sin.

XLVIII.

Yes, long ere Endor’s witch beguiled king Saul,

The guilty land groaned with this crying evil ;

They too, perchance, well-meant as you, would
call

Souls from their rest, and had their spirit-revel ;

Like you, progressive nature deemed it all,

So crafty in delusions is the devil ;

Mistook his juggling tool for half a saint,

And snuff’d, for airs of heaven, the sulphurous
taint.

XLIX.

Ah, faithless art! which cheats its devotees,
Nor yields the future lore they dare to claim;
Still, clouds and darkness rest on heaven's
 decrees,
Still earth, hell, all, stand as of yore, the same!
From realms above roam triflers such as these?
Come heaven's ambassadors without an aim?
No; false they stand, by sober reason's test,
Or man's immortal treasure is a jest!

L.

The noxious draught springs from that poison
 root,
Which, tasted, bound man's spirit to a clod,
Since his first mother plucked the fatal fruit,
And Eden withered from earth's barren sod;
Hence, burns this impious thirst to substitute
These babbling falsehoods for the truth of
 God, —
That open Word, by Sovereign Mercy given, —
All man can have, or need, to win him heaven.

LI.

With great pretence our age is superficial ;
 Confused its knowledge, half its science, lies ;
Its boasted strength proves often prejudicial,
 Its light just dazzles bleared and blinded eyes.
In short, to show how little beneficial
 Presumptuous boldness serves to make us
 wise, —
Never such flimsy cheats new converts hailed,
Or Satan's arts with slighter pains prevailed !

LII.

My story grows too serious for a world,
 Not now too sound, I fear, nor over-steady ;
Revenons-nous : Cherie, our friend, sat curled,
 Arms folded, heels tucked in, and rather giddy,
Projects so mixed her teeming brain unfurled ;
 But now, her plan is settled, — all is ready ;
The grand result was, she at length persuaded
Julia to see a medium with her ; — they did.

LIII.

There are gradations; spirit-powers indwelling,
Like human arts, from sphere to sphere advance, —

One medium scrawls bad English, sense and spelling,

Another bids our chairs and tables dance;
The windy nonsense, in his bosom swelling,
This raves, like ranter in camp-meeting trance,
And *that* mistells the future, till we wonder
Spirits should so inevitably blunder!

LIV.

Too painful were it, for a reasoning mind,
This juggling, jumbled vision to record;
If Cherie drugged the *medium*, or 't was blind,
Chance, — or what else, I know not, on my word!

But *something* answered Cherie, and assigned
Poor Julia to a lover most abhorred!
If she had any faith before, — no doubt,
At such announcement every drop leaked out.

LV.

The *experimentum crucis* having failed

And come to naught, — to what should Cherie
turn ?

Julia was frightened, nay, disgusted, — railed

(In pretty language) at the whole concern ;
But fortune favors souls that never quailed,
And, good or bad, at last, their wages earn ;
The good reap good ; I mean that perseverance,
End well or ill, secures at least a clearance.

LVI.

From present ills, that is, resolve will fly ;

Whither ? The question may advisement need !
Your footsteps run beneath the open sky,
Or grope, where earth's dark holes and corners
lead ;

Think you, blind Fortune only, from on high,
Controls the rising thought, the purposed deed ?
Search life's broad chart, — this truth rewards
your pains,

Nature but moves, since Sovereign Justice reigns !

J U L I A .

C A N T O I V .

I.

THE swiftest pulse, that ever slow-paced Time
 Lagged after, Time will overtake, at last.
Mid-winter reigns ; his breath's fantastic rime
 Frost-works the panes ; from cloud-wrapt skies
 outcast
The white-winged flight descends ; the merry
 chime
 Of the brisk sleigh-bells mocks the whining
 blast ;
And sweet that muffled tone commingling
 comes,
With twilight dreams and cheerful fireside
 homes.

II.

Now, through the city reels its eager tide, .

Now dine the magnates and take tea the
dames ;

Business and pleasure the gay world divide,

The morning office and the evening games ;

Down festal halls what dainty dancers glide !

Through dens obscure what midnight revel
flames !

Here, woman loveliest, youth, delight and grace,—

There, half a fiend, dirt, paint and tattered lace.

III.

Now, much sage lecture edifies the land,

What arrant dogmas cheat the crowd for true !

What flippant sophists, from the rostrum-stand,

Discourse blank wisdom, which, at least, is
new !

Now, varlet conjurers wave the magic wand,

And Thespis trains his laughter-moving crew ;

I grieve to say, not one of these delights

Filled Julia's thoughts by day, or claimed her
nights.

IV.

How could the creeping hours contrive to lug
The heavy day through its appointed round?
She worked,—a weeping Cupid seemed to hug
A broken lute, — whitish on verdant ground, —
This fanciful device upon a rug
She wrought, the border with sweet pansies
bound;
She read, — light books in morals, thought and
diction,
Suffice it, they were modern works of fiction.

V.

But lo! beneath one lighted dome arise
What strains, that thrill the vanquished bosom
through?
Are these the tones, which once could melt the
skies, —
Or, harder conquest, hell's dark shades subdue?
One throb of nature now what breast denies?
Shall Julia's prove the hardest heart to woo?
Hark! on the awe-struck air that mellow swell!
'The town is wild, — can she resist the spell?

VI.

It is the Opera ! Music's tones enchanting,
That mould our mood of nature to her skill ;
With the soft languishment we languish, panting,
Or fire to rapture, at the master's will ;
Drink, through the soul, those long-drawn measures haunting,
Or hush our hearts to catch the expiring trill ;
List, till the dying echoes are no more,
Reluctant breathe, — and sigh, “ Ah, is it o'er ? ”

VII.

I guess not, how prevails such grand *furore*,
In brains surcharged with cares and hearts with money ;
Boys, overstrictly kept (so runs the story),
Away from home are often over-funny ;
Extremes will meet ; shame sometimes runs to glory,
And starveling bees, they say, get drunk on honey ;
Humbly this simple theory I proffer,
The best which plain philosophy can offer.

VIII.

Much less, might I presume to understand
The modern zeal of our ingenuous youth;
Needed, no more, the Cæsar's harsh command,
Our young Laberii claim no master's ruth;
Behold the supernumerary band,—
The stage's "goodly company," in sooth;
Music's chief triumph this! Ah, honor's scars!
Ah, youth's old pride! Are there not still "the
wars?"

IX.

My question is, — if it incite the soul,
Soften the heart, and kindle true emotion;
Or, if the yielding sense alone control
Those tones voluptuous, like some lulling po-
tion: —
When from the unfolding doors, like waves that
roll,
Throngs the rapt crowd, — a sort of human
ocean, —
How many of them would, at such a time,
More likely give a beggar half a dime?

X.

If not, — the howl of the storm-beaten beach
As good for them as merriest Christmas nowell;
The music, fitted best their hearts to reach,
Some hum-drum, spindle-driven burr of Low-
ell;
Not Handel's heaven-taught strain their souls
could teach,
Or chorded joy on the high harp of Hoel;
It worsens, — for it puffs them with a notion
Of mawkish, selfish, music-mad devotion.

XI.

Voluptuous is the draught; and we may drain
The sweet enticement, till it turn to gall;
Till languor steal along the heated brain,
And the excited pulse, relaxing, fall;
Till over-freighted pleasure sink to pain,
And joy itself on the tired senses pall, —
Till half delirious reel the drunken mind,
And the short rapture leave a blank behind.

XII.

I say, it was exciting ; so, Cherie

Took, as you might suppose, a strong infection ;
Indeed, she carried on to that degree,

That every word was some French interjec-
tion ;

Even Julia yielded to her phantasy,

(Music was her decided predilection)

And, more than once, caught her soul's thought
profound

In the absorbing spell one instant drowned.

XIII.

Cherie raved—was (I'll make a word) just *trancy* ;

“ Whom do I love ? ” quoth she, — “ Ah, *il*
tenore !

To envy whom most do I take a fancy ?

Why, *la signora*, — his wife can't be sorry ;

Whom do I most respect ? surely, *Miss Nan-*
cy, ” —

(A lady, who won title to this glory,

By following the *maestro* over ocean) —

“ *Gloire ! honneur !* ” cried Cherie, “ to such de-
votion ! ”

XIV.

“But did you not observe, *ma chere Julie*!

Last night, (I saw with envy and surprise)
At ‘*il tenore mio*,’ — ah! how he, —

Fixed upon you those large, dark, luminous
eyes, —

The *maestro*? Yes, you blush, — ah, yes, you
see, —

You feel his passion, — you cannot despise!”
“Blush! passion!” Julia said, — “what strange
demeanor!

I only heard the music, — saw the *scena*.”

XV.

Cherie had changed her tactics, — that is plain:

Upon this string she harped, from day to day;
Our charming friend heard her, at first, with pain,

But thought it only Cherie’s rattling way;
With eyes dilated, — fluent tongue, again, —

Again, she gave her glibbest language play;
“Could this be?” Julia pondered, — “was it
so?

Not that she cared! — but she would like to
know.”

XVI.

Now, constant at the Opera, — pray, reflect, —

I will not dare to say, — “she was a woman,” —
But blighted love had had its old effect, —

Feelings (to this extent, perhaps, not common)
On her sad heart recoiled, — scarce could reject

Her brain, at times, delirious fancies, — human
She was, — and suffering long had worn
Her weary mind, — sharp woe her bosom torn!

XVII.

Did Julia listen to this flummery?

Was she a fool? or was she false to Penrose?
To her the Opera seemed almost a mummery,
As deep thoughts of her lover, there and then
rose;

Her mind was weakend; her excursions sum-
mery

Had soothed, — but, darkest her emotions,
when rose,
Weaker it grew, from swallowing down in
shovels-

Full, her worst remedy, poor thing! bad novels.

XVIII.

It fell upon a day, Cherie was dressing

The point she longed to gain with reasons sly,—
“Could you but meet!” (the fair young girl
caressing)

She cried,—“Oh, for one glance of that soft
eye!

Here are my own apartments,—and, by pressing,
ing,

One of those strains divine, perhaps he'd try;
He is my friend,—*petite*, say, would you come,
On some off-night, and grace my humble
home?”

XIX.

Listlessly Julia heard her, listlessly

She answered, scarcely knowing what she said;
Some half-sad jest her careless words might be,—

Better by far had she her phrases weighed;
Cherie was quick as lightning,—“You agree,—
You give your pledge,—his own, this day
conveyed,

I have,”—this was a lie,—but then a trifle,
Like this, would never such as Cherie stifle.

XX.

By dint of fond entreaty and persuasion,
Julia consented to this little plot
Against herself, — she really sought evasion, —
“ True, half the *bon-ton* raved ; true, she did
not ;
But then the music, — such a rare occasion !
How many girls would die to share her lot !
Well, if mamma consent, — the evening fine, —
And John ” (the coachman) “ drive her home at
nine.”

XXI.

By far the toughest part remained to settle,
For a great *musico* is hard to catch ;
Cherie was sharp ; perhaps, her eager mettle
May for her shrewdness prove an overmatch ;
Passion misleads, — and very, very kittle
A sentinel is guile, for ward and watch ;
’Thus, now she wrote, — she sent, — a step un-
wise, —
Nothing, at need, like one’s own hands and eyes.

XXII.

The note set forth, in very choice Italian,
Framed to allure, and delicately free,
That "Boston's richest heiress, Miss *Trevallion*,
Fairer (even Venice would to this agree)
Than fairest of the bevy doge's galleon
Bears to his bridal, when he weds the sea, —
Young, lovely, type and image of all fashion,
Had become wrought to a bewildering passion —

XXIII.

For — MUSIC — (so it ran, thrice underscored)
And now she prayed one fleeting interview
With him, of lyric song acknowledged lord ;"
Then, a sweet, touching picture Cherie drew,
(Would he this priceless boon for once accord)
Of thoughts, the grateful heart must long
renew ;
And over all, to heighten the illusion,
"Tears," "sighs" and "joys" were sprinkled to
profusion.

XXIV.

The exact result for which Cherie was hoping,
Upon my word, I can conjecture merely ;
Such artful persons always will be groping
For ends they often see not very clearly ;
“ Could Julia be diverted from her moping,
Then her own hopes,” (poor fool!) “ might
look more cheerly ;”
At all events, — perhaps this was her notion, —
She might gain something by a grand explosion.

XXV.

It chanced, the *musico*, in his saloon,
Sat, with his musical and virtuous lady ;
With them a friend, — (it was the afternoon) —
Or, sort of friend, — one of those persons ready
To be the hangers-on of men of tune,
With a devotion marvellously steady ;
In fact, an idle, foppish, empty, frothing,
Half-music-stricken scape-grace, good-for-nothing.

XXVI.

Then came this innocent note ; the *musico*
Took, — smiled, — read, — stared, — grew pal-
lid, — dropt it, — fled, —
One backward look he cast ; snatched from below,
Glanced o'er it the *signora*, — fiery red
Became, — down flung it, — with wild look of
woe,
“ *O ciel !* ” she cried, and through the portal
sped ;
Their friend, as darts at prize the bold sea-rover,
Seized on the crumpled missive, thus flung over.

XXVII.

No ceremonious form seemed requisite,
So, to the walls his speedy bow he made ;
“ Indeed, — indeed, ” — cried he, “ a lucky hit !
Cherie ! this is a joke, — the cunning jade !
Who is this Miss Trevallion, I would wit ?
Methinks, I 'd like to know the pretty maid ;
I will, — and Cherie for her tricks shall pay,
Born-fool were I, to fling such chance away.”

XXVIII.

So said, — so done ; to Cherie's " humble home,"
Billet in hand, our honest friend repaired ;
" Ah, Cherie, — Cherie ! see, with this I come,"
Quoth he, — you may be sure, the lady stared ;
(This gallant gentlemen, yclept *Fantome*,
Had long in Cherie's valued friendship
shared) —

She tried to snatch the note, — in time to save,
He bowed her off, and looked exceeding grave.

XXIX.

" Madam ! not thus can you repair your fault ;
This is a serious business, let me say ;
I speak not, now, of cell, or prison-vault,
Though well might these your rash presumption
pay ;
Have you not made an infamous assault
Upon domestic peace, — aimed to betray
A virtuous maiden, — rich, — and, as I gather,
From this your wicked billet, pretty rather ? "

XXX.

“ The consequence I beg you to conceive, —

Your ruin, Cherie, is a matter sealed ;

I hold the proofs ; with me, you must believe,

Rests the decision, — shall it be revealed ? ”

Cherie was staggered ; “ could she not retrieve

“ This fatal step,” — thought she, — “ or must
she yield ? ”

Partly she doubted, partly felt the truth

Of all propounded by that generous youth.

XXXI.

Tears are a woman’s refuge, — and she wept, —

Tears, not of penitence, but rage and grief ;

The film, which passion wove, while reason slept,

Dropt off ; in Fantome she had no belief, —

She knew too much for that ; but, while he kept

The billet-doux, from him must come relief ;

Therefore, she wept, — her jetty locks she tore,

She raved, she stormed, she prayed, she almost
swore.

XXXII.

Fantome was marble; what cared he for tears?

I never could resist those soft appeals;

My heart dissolves, at once, soon as appears

The pearly current; as it downward steals,

I yield, — no matter what, — resolves, doubts,
fears;

Dear Dr. Johnson, here, his sourness seals, —

“A woman’s tears,” quoth he, “as little care to’t

I give” (the wretch!) “as to a goose going
barefoot!”

XXXIII.

In this respect, like that great moralist,

Fantome resisted tears, and all persuasion;

Now, seemed to soften somewhat, now persist;

Depicted her offence, and took occasion,

In very glowing language, to enlist

(Besides the damage done her reputation)

Many more fearful ills, which must befall, —

“Yet, could not he, her friend, avert them all?”

XXXIV.

“ Yes, — with the *musico*, — his injured lady, —
He made no question he could smooth it
over, —
A feverous turn, — nerves, very far from steady,
The cause assigned, — requiring powders
Dover ;
But, then, requital must in hand be ready,
Or public scandal should the whole uncover ; ”
At length, it ended, that the young rascalion
Arranged an interview for “ Miss Trevallion.”

XXXV.

He wormed out all he wished by searching queries,
Then, wrought on Cherie's terrors, to his end ;
Long she held back ; but selfish virtue wearies,
False hope, vain fear its faltering steps attend ;
Then rich rewards he named, in glittering series,
And tempting gifts, — would Cherie stand
his friend —
“ What fortune hers, — once gained this golden
prize ! ”
And the weak, wildered woman shut her eyes.

XXXVI.

The evening come, — our lovely friend appeared

At Cherie's door, her little heart quite fluttered ;
Cherie looked pale ; her welcomes given, — “ she
feared, —

She hoped,” — something of “ pleasure ” —
“ doubt,” — she muttered, —

“ With what strange whims this sort people
veered ! ”

Just then, the bell a pealing summons uttered ;
“ Not *he*,” she said, — “ but I am *not at home*,
This night, you know ” — enter the sieur Fantome !

XXXVII.

In spite of this, within her citadel,

Entrance enforced (it seemed), politely met
Cherie, her friend, — but Julia's visage fell ;

Freezing her slight salute. With phrases set,
And smoothest mien, to either demoiselle

Fantome his devoirs paid ; little could get
From Julia such a thing of chains, rings, brooches,
Essences, patent-leather, studs and ouches.

XXXVIII.

“ Woman ! ” you say, “ and not to glitter, weak ! ”

She was a lady, not a woman merely ;
Nature will frame such, in her generous freak,
Whose mind, heart, tongue, demean themselves sincerely.

Instinctive taste their modest actions speak,
Through artificial things they look severely ;
Well-trained, they learn to throw aside, outworn,
Nature’s rough mould : but some are ladies born.

XXXIX.

Julia was such ; and Fantome’s senseless chatter
Into one ear it went, — out of the other ;
“ What with the *musico* could be the matter ? ”
She mused, — “ what slim account to give her mother ! ”

How her lip curled, when Fantome dared to
flatter !

Scarcely her indignation could she smother, —
Her pretty head what airy toss put on !
She turned to speak to Cherie ; — she was gone !

XL.

It chanced, that very night, her lover strolled
 Beneath the bright beams of the shimmering
 stars ;
And glowed, as on those glittering circles rolled,
 Their streams, like lightnings of cherubic cars ;
So, near they seemed, — as struggling to unfold
 Earth's destinies, its troubles, tumults, jars ; —
Or, through those depths of deepest blue, unseal
To some sad heart what heaven may thus reveal.

XLI.

He looked on high. Through all the Infinite
 Illumined blazed, one living sapphire light,
Heaven's golden speech, intelligibly writ
 In burning language on the scroll of night ;
And his soul's sweetness found communion fit ;
 Here, glad, through tears, might soar his
 spirit's flight,
Though human love fled, one long, wildering
 gleam,
And his heart's mortal longings clasped a dream.

XLII.

And, thus absorbed his soul and elevate,
Concentered in its essence,— well might seem
Lighter that aching heart. Now, more elate,
Glowed to the springing air his pulse's stream ;
Through a lone city-path, at easy gait,
Paced he. "Hark! was not that a woman's
scream?"
Quick sprang a sash, — a voice! good heavens,
that tone!
How leaped his heart! "It is, is Julia's own!"

XLIII.

Annoyed, disturbed, but still without suspicion,
Sat the young girl in Cherie's *friendly* home ;
"Soon must appear this tardy-heeled musician,"
She hoped, she thought, "ah, why does not he
come?"
Why has *she* left me in this false position?
And where *is* Cherie?" Bolder grew Fan-
tome ;
He dared to praise, — and now, the villain swore
He loved! Could modest beauty suffer more?

XLIV.

Thus far, perforce, to Cherie's friend to listen
Julia had borne; the insulter nearer drew, —
The angry tear-drops in her pure eyes glisten, —
He sought her hand, — off the base touch she
threw, —
“ Was Cherie false ? ” For cloak and hooded
byssin, —
“ Home ! home ! ” she thought, — quick to the
door she flew, —
'Twas locked ! Ah, Cherie ! — to the friendly
pane
She sprang, — she flung, — she screamed, — and
not in vain.

XLV.

One bound made Penrose, — distant was the
door, —
Hard-by the casement, — and he stood within ;
One form, — well known, — stooped cowering
on the floor, —
Another half displayed a dagger's sheen ;
One ready blow down the false traitor bore, —
As Cherie fluttered up, mid all this din, —
Assured, — apparelled quick, — the portal through,
False friend behind, — clung Julia to the true !

XLVI.

By the cool air revived, — her story told, —
 His keen eye saw how Julia had been trained ;
 “ Yet, was she safe ! one instant could he hold
 Her to his beating heart ! real or feigned, —
 A dream was this ! warm truth, — or vision
 cold ! ”

How swift the flying moments ! Have they
 gained
 Her home ? “ Not yet must ~~one~~ adieux be said,” *our*
 Still, — fluttering thing ! She needs, she claims
 his aid.

XLVII.

She, clinging to his arm, entered the pair ;
 Arden, — his lady, — by the fire-side seated, —
 His spectacles were in his grizzled hair,
 In hand the news, — its reading just completed ;
 Once, — twice, — one paragraph perused with
 care, —
 “ Penrose, that rising counsel, has defeated
 The shameful suit, — ‘ *In rem. Roe,*’ — although
 Flummery,
 His rival, ably moved for process summary ! ”

XLVIII.

He mused on this: "he scarcely had expected
A youth reputed for a genius, — pshaw!
Such persons mostly business have neglected, —
Could win a sound position in the Law;
Yet, here was *fame*, and fame, if well protected,
Brings *cash*;" the reader may conclusions
draw,
For oh! what city-heart the choice could doubt,
Of son-in-law with money, — or without?

XLIX.

And such a pair not often have been seen,
As now met Arden's strange, bewildered
stare;
That noble youth, — pale, earnest, yet serene,
That trembling maid, — of maidens all most
fair;
The mother clasped her hands, with suppliant
mien,
Inscrutable the sire's more doubtful air;
Some rapid words the thrilling tale revealed,
And nature's loosening fountains were unsealed.

L.

There are great crises in the heart's affairs,
When common actions rise in dignity;
The bird, at evening, to its nest repairs,
And, home-returning, to its hive the bee;
Escaped the spoiler, as he onward fares,
How swells each little heart, from danger free!
But ah, the hive! the nest! what twitterings
come!
What murmured welcomes greet the wanderer
home!

LI.

I mean, — but scarcely can express it all, —
That this most common and familiar thing,
Which by the sacred name of "home" we call,
Round which a thousand dormant feelings
cling, —
Becomes, as life's intense events befall,
An altar and a shrine; to it we bring
Void thought, and false resolve, and mean
desire, —
And heaven's pure flame descending lights its
fire.

LII.

A child, returning to its father's hearth,

Rescued from danger, well may claim our
tears ;

Those mixed emotions then will spring to birth,

Of grateful joy composed, and vanished fears ;
With softened hearts come changes ; issued
forth,

His bosom lightened of the load of years,
Penrose, — his thoughts he scarcely could com-
mand, —

Why — Arden shook him warmly by the hand !

LIII.

I deem it best, of some events to come, —

Are they ? or passed, — my most judicious
reader ? —

To give no more detail ; the happy home

If Julia Arden, of that famous pleader,
Young Penrose brightens, — or, if only some
Soft, sunny days prove but a weather-breeder,
Judge you ; for certain reasons, non-exposure,
My purpose better answers than disclosure.

LIV.

Yet joy be theirs, who nobly dare to win
Best consummation, wrung from hard distress,
The true heart's prize, through rugged discipline,
And the tried spirit's dearer happiness.
Oh, on this surface-life's poor varnish thin
Could fit example depth of soul impress !
Wake that old, burning thirst of generous youth,
Man's high resolve, and woman's matchless
truth !

LV.

This is my moral, madam, — this impels
My heart to weave this unaffected verse ;
Fain would I draw from Truth's sequestered
wells
Those hidden waters, sparkling at their source ;
Fain snatch some fire from Nature's secret cells,
This dwindling flame of human life to nurse, —
Till flashed, enkindled by the living coal,
Some genuine ray of heart and gleam of soul !

LVI.

One word before we part: Fantome, Cherie,
Both vanished promptly and without delay ;
I follow not their course ; moral shall be
The upshot of this moral tale, though gay ;
'Tis yours to gather, as 'tis yours to see
What scattered flowers may grace my modest
lay, —
So springs your heart, responsive to the strain,
Nor struck my hand the chorded lyre in vain.

